FEB 14 1935

CHILDREN OF ZION:

A

LITTLE BOOK FOR LITTLE SINGERS

ADAPTED FOR USE IN

The Sabbath School and Praise Meeting

BY

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

RUEBUSH, KIEFFER & Co., Publishers.
DAYTON, VA.

SCP
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PREFACE.

The editor does not deem a Preface necessary. The songs contained within these covers must speak or sing for themselves.

Aldine S. Kieffer.

N. B. Thanks are hereby tendered to J. H. Hall, J. H. Ruebush, E. T. Hildebrand, J. H. Rosecrans, J. H. Fillmore, B. C. Unseld, Hubert P. Main, for valuable assistance rendered him in the preparation of the following pages. A. S. K.

CHILDREN OF ZION.

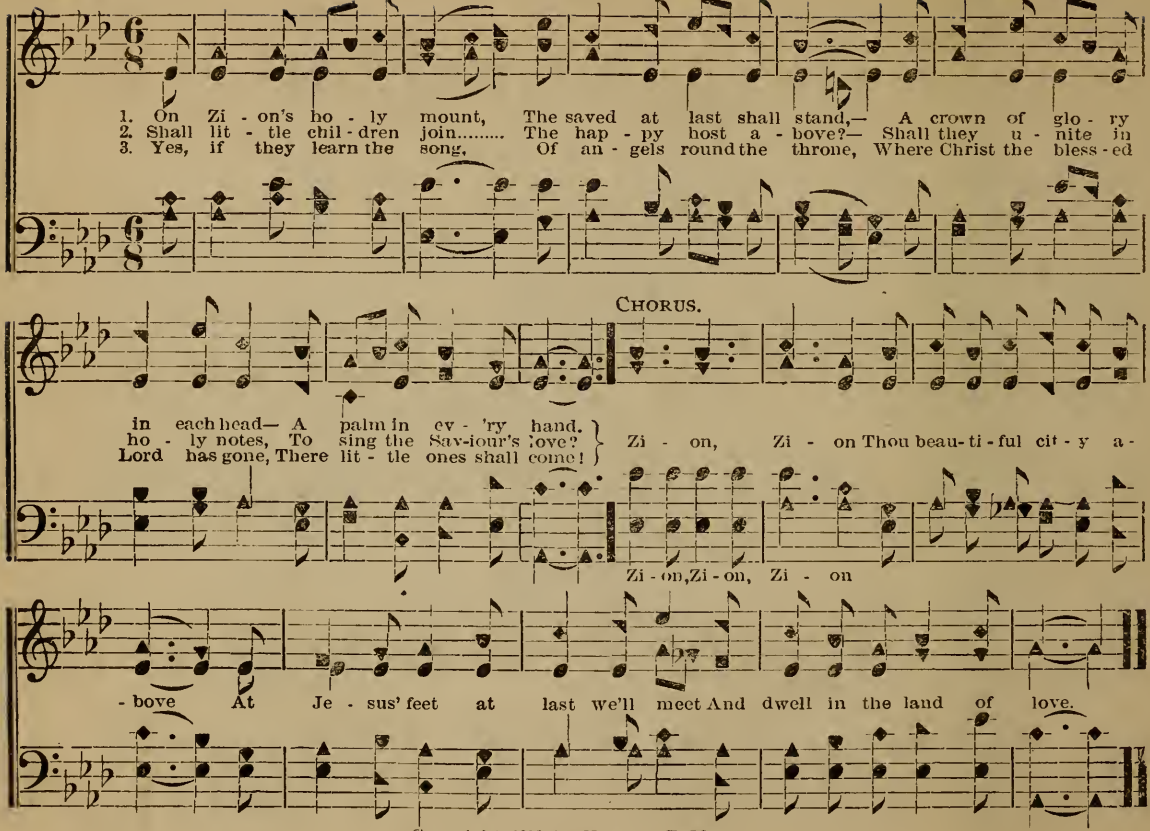
CHILDREN OF ZION.

Words Arranged. A. S. KIEFFER.

Mrs. M. A. MAXWELL.

ON ZION'S HOLY MOUNT.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



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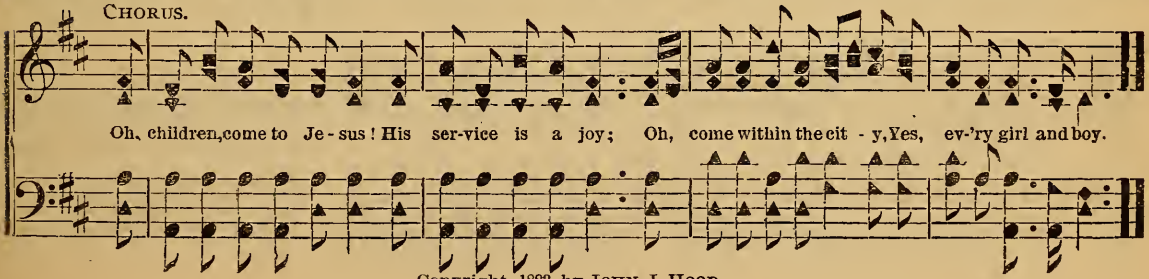
CHILDREN IN ZION.

"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."—ZECH. viii: 5.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

DUET. *Cheerfully.*

CHORUS.



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BEAUTIFUL ZION ABOVE.

Words and Music by NEWT. C. KEELING.

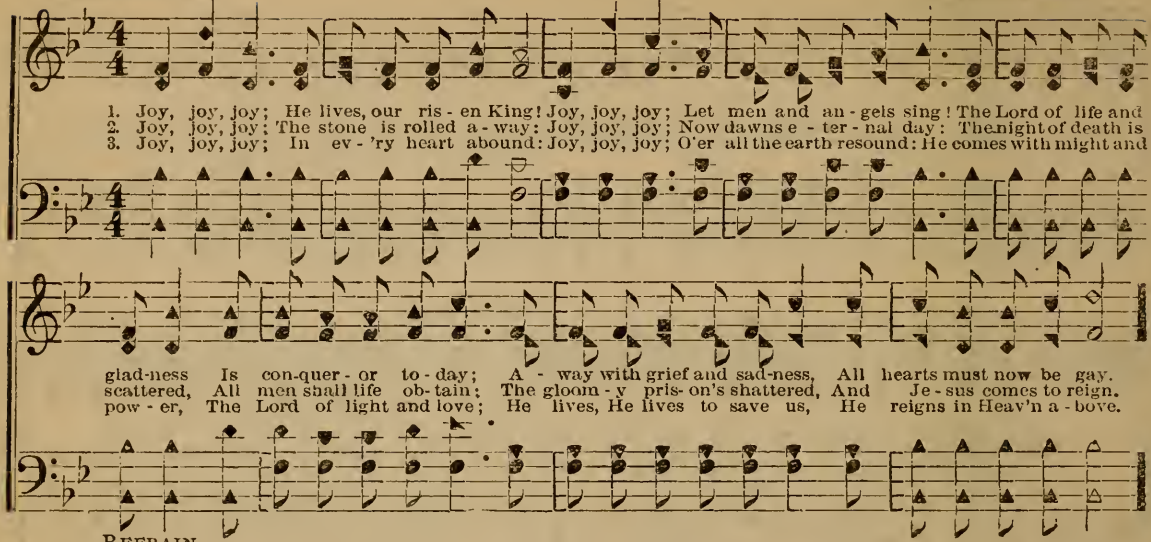
3 Bright, beautiful city of light,
Where never will fall the night,
Where happy and gloryfied I
Shall dwell with Jesus at home upon high.

4 Bright, beautiful glorified throng,
Sweet, beautiful notes of song,
O ever their music shall roll,
Along the shores of that Home of the soul.

1. Re - turn O wand'rer, to thy home, Thy Fa - ther calls for thee; No long - er now an
2. Re - turn O wand'rer, to thy home, 'Tis Je - sus calls for thee; The Spir - it and the
3. Re - turn O wand'rer, to thy home, 'Tis mad-ness to de-lay; There are no par-don s
CHORUS. p
ex - ile roam In guilt and mis - er - y.
Bride say, come, O now for ref - uge fly.
in the tomb And brief is mer-cy's day.
Steal a - way, Steal a - way, Steal a - way to
Zi - on Steal a - way, steal a - way home, Oh steal a - way home to Zi - on.

JOY, JOY, JOY; HE LIVES, OUR RISEN KING.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. J. H. KURZENKNABE. By per.



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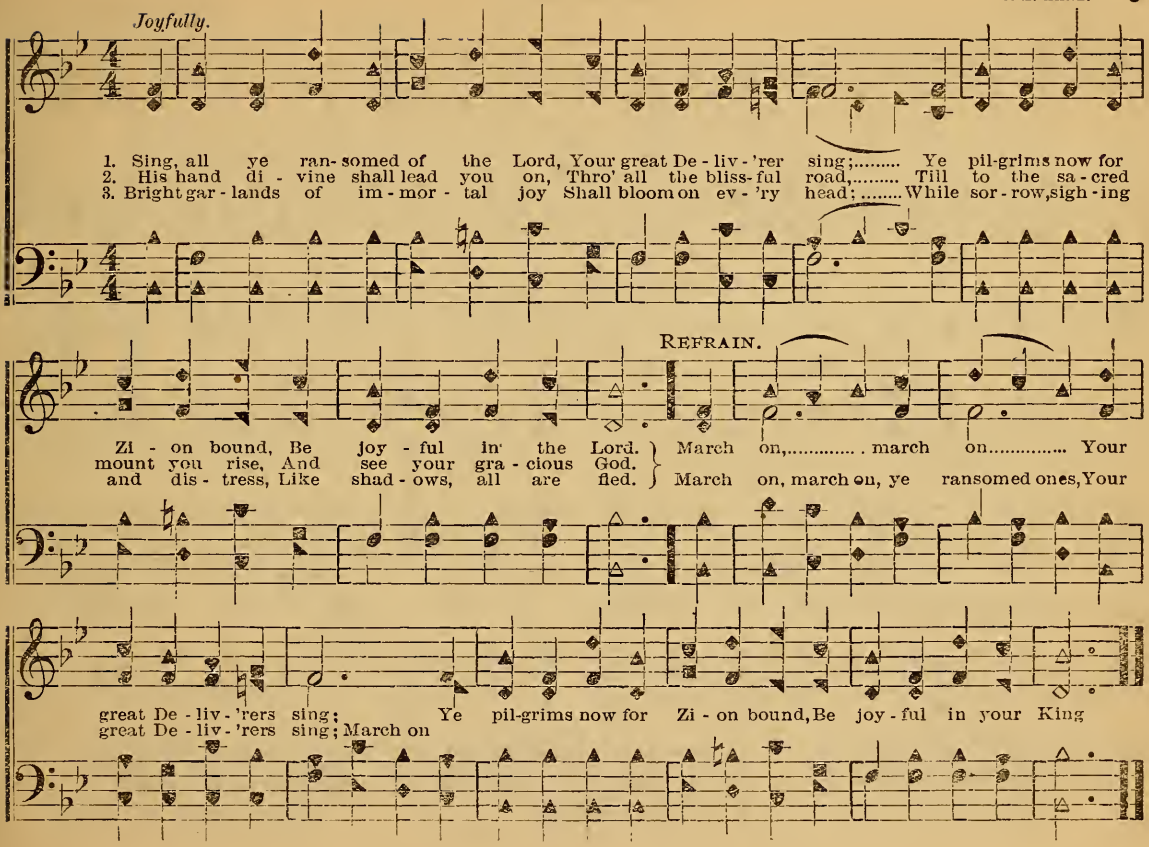
Joyfully.
1. Sing, all ye ran-somed of the Lord, Your great De-liv-'rer sing;..... Ye pil-grims now for
2. His hand di-vine shall lead you on, Thro' all the bliss-ful road,..... Till to the sa-cred
3. Bright gar-lands of im-mor-tal joy Shall bloom on ev-'ry head;..... While sor-row, sigh-ing
Refrain.
Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in the Lord. March on,..... march on..... Your
mount you rise, And see your gra-cious God.
and dis-tress, Like shad-ows, all are fled. March on, march on, ye ransomed ones, Your
great De-liv-'rers sing; Ye pil-grims now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in your King
great De-liv-'rers sing; March on

ONE BY ONE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

2 Love and sorrow no availing,
When the time has come to part
And the friendly faces going,
Leave behind a bleeding heart.
'Till we gather, &c.

3 Scattered far o'er land and ocean,
Each his pilgrim path to take
Crosses light, and tears of parting,
Sweeter yet for Jesus' sake.
'Till we meet, &c.

4 One by one we all shall gather
On the fair and shining shore;
And our separation ended,
We shall meet to part no more.
When we meet, when we meet,
When we meet to part no more.

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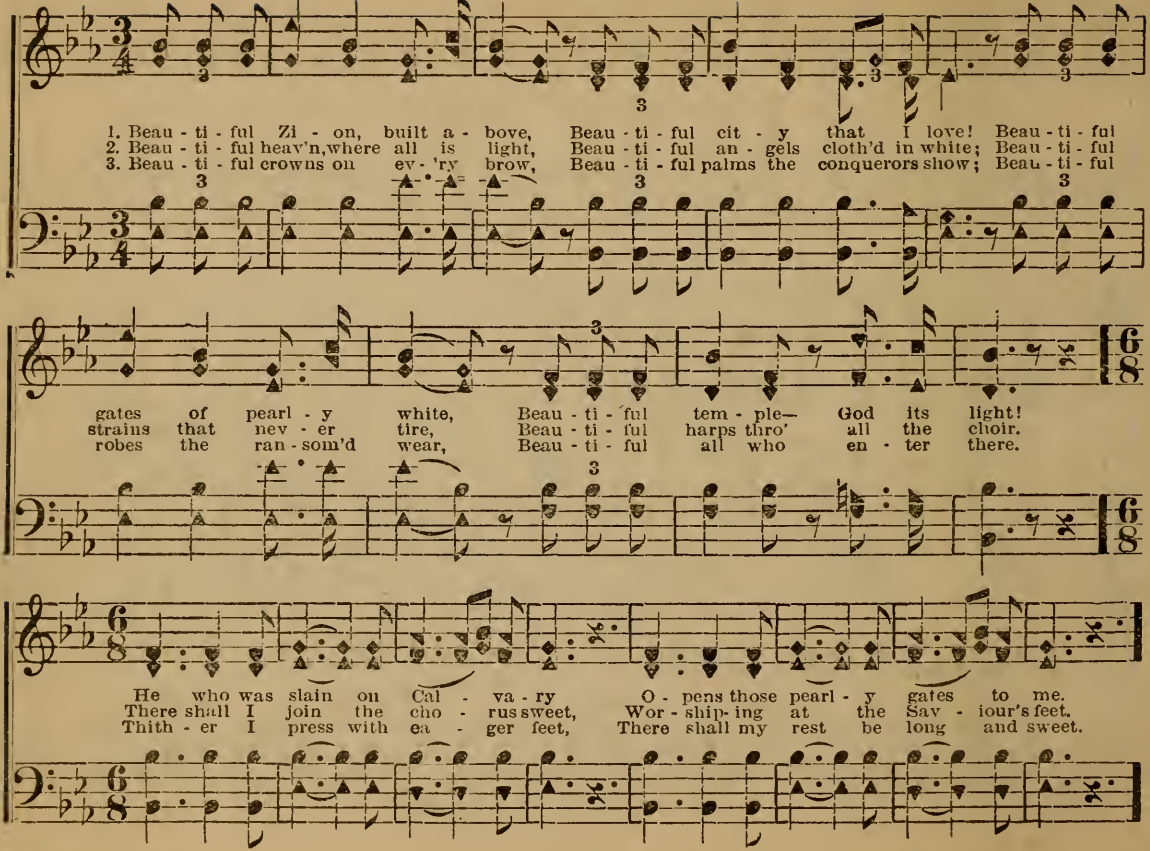
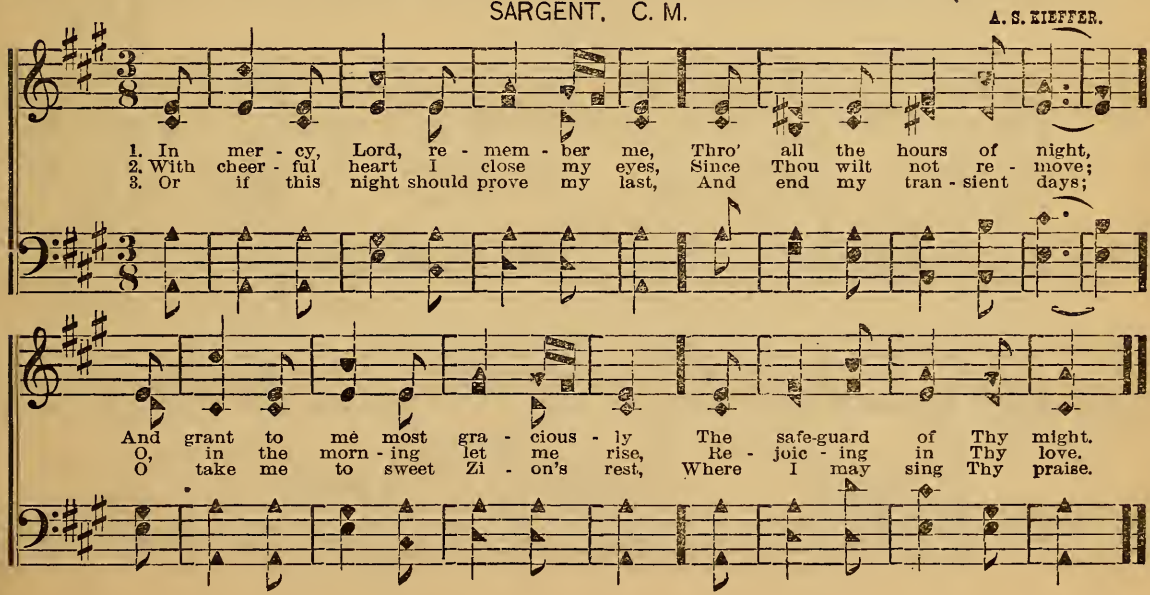
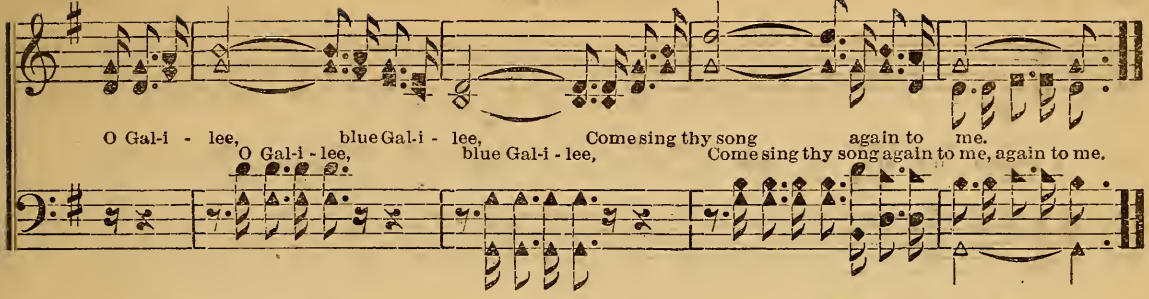

1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful cit - y that I love! Beau - ti - ful
2. Beau - ti - ful heav'n, where all is light, Beau - ti - ful an - gels cloth'd in white; Beau - ti - ful
3. Beau - ti - ful crowns on ev - 'ry brow, Beau - ti - ful palms the conquerors show; Beau - ti - ful
gates of pearl - y white, Beau - ti - ful tem - ple— God its light!
strains that nev - er tire, Beau - ti - ful harps thro' all the choir.
robes the ran - som'd wear, Beau - ti - ful all who en - ter there.
He who was slain on Cal - va - ry O - pens those pearl - y gates to me.
There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Wor - ship - ing at the Sav - iour's feet.
Thith - er I press with ea - ger feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.

SARGENT. C. M.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1. Each cooing dove and sighing bough, That makes the eve so blest to me,
2. Each flow'ry glen and mossy dell, Where happy birds in songs a gree,
3. And when I read the thrilling lore, Of Zi-on's King who walk'd the sea,
Has something far di-vin-er now, It bears me back to Gal - i - lee, to Gal-i - lee.
Thro' sunny morn the praises tell, Of sights and sounds in Gal - i - lee, in Gal-i - lee.
I long, O, how I long once more, To follow him in Gal - i - lee, in Gal-i i lee.
CHORUS.
O Gal-i - lee, sweet Gal-i - lee, Where Jesus loved so much to be,
O Gal-i - lee sweet Gal-i- lee, Where Jesus loved so much to be.



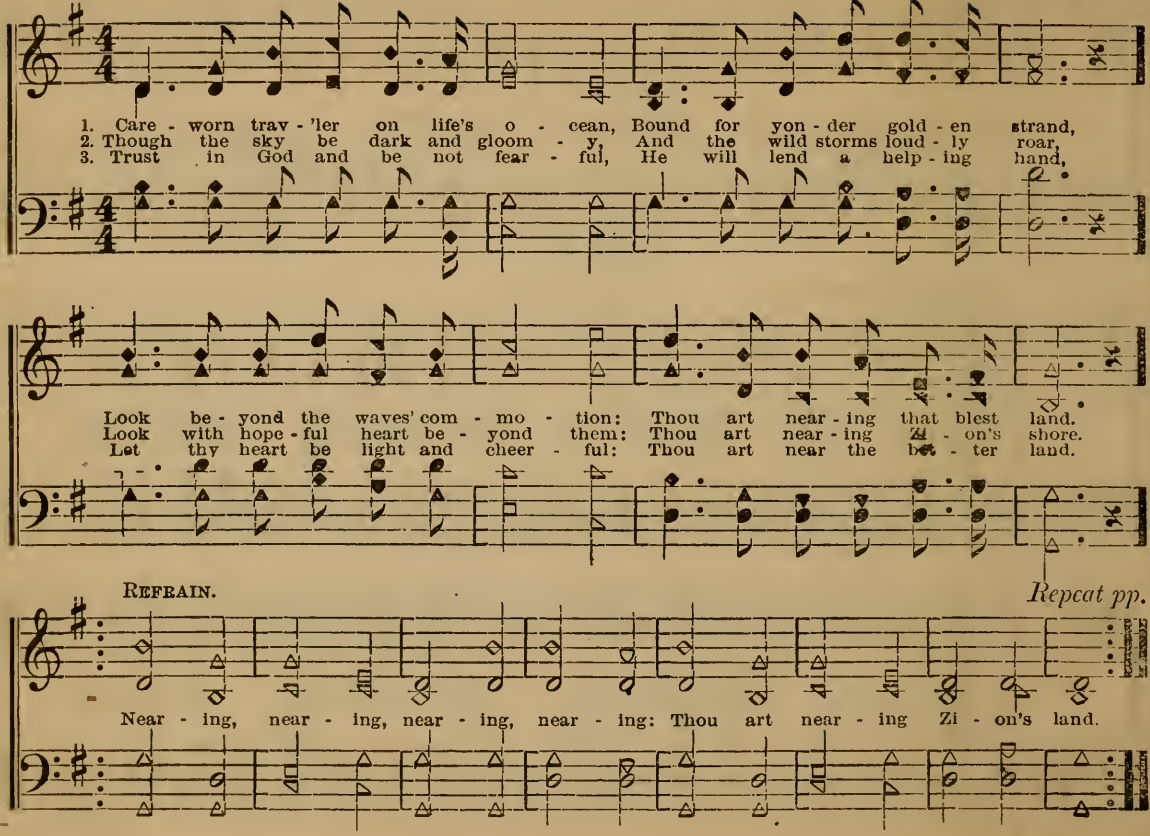
Sing with expression

ARM OF ZION.

Words and Music by G. W. LYON, by per.

NEARING ZION.

J. H. TENNEY.



BEAUTIFUL LAND.

Words and Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

Not too fast.

1. There is a land, a sun - ny land, The brightest ev - er seen, Which lies be-yond the shore of time,
2. The tree of life for ev - er blooms, Life's riv-er flow - eth by, And youth and beauty nev - er fade,
3. I long to reach fair Zi- on's land, My dwelling place to see, A - mong the ma - ny mansions there

CHORUS.

Be-yond cold Jor - dan's stream; For there they nev - er die, Is one pre - pared for me,

Beau - - ti - ful land..... Home..... of the

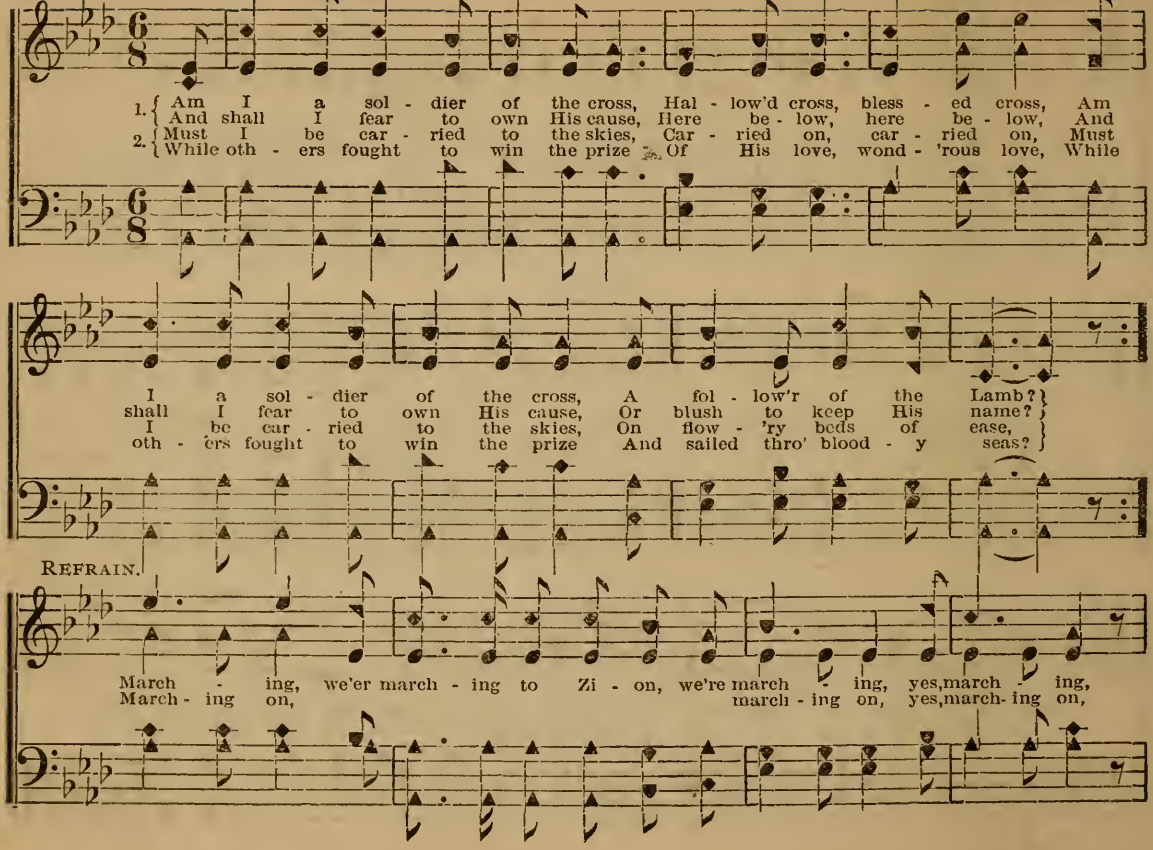
O! that land, that beau - ti - ful land, O! that home, that

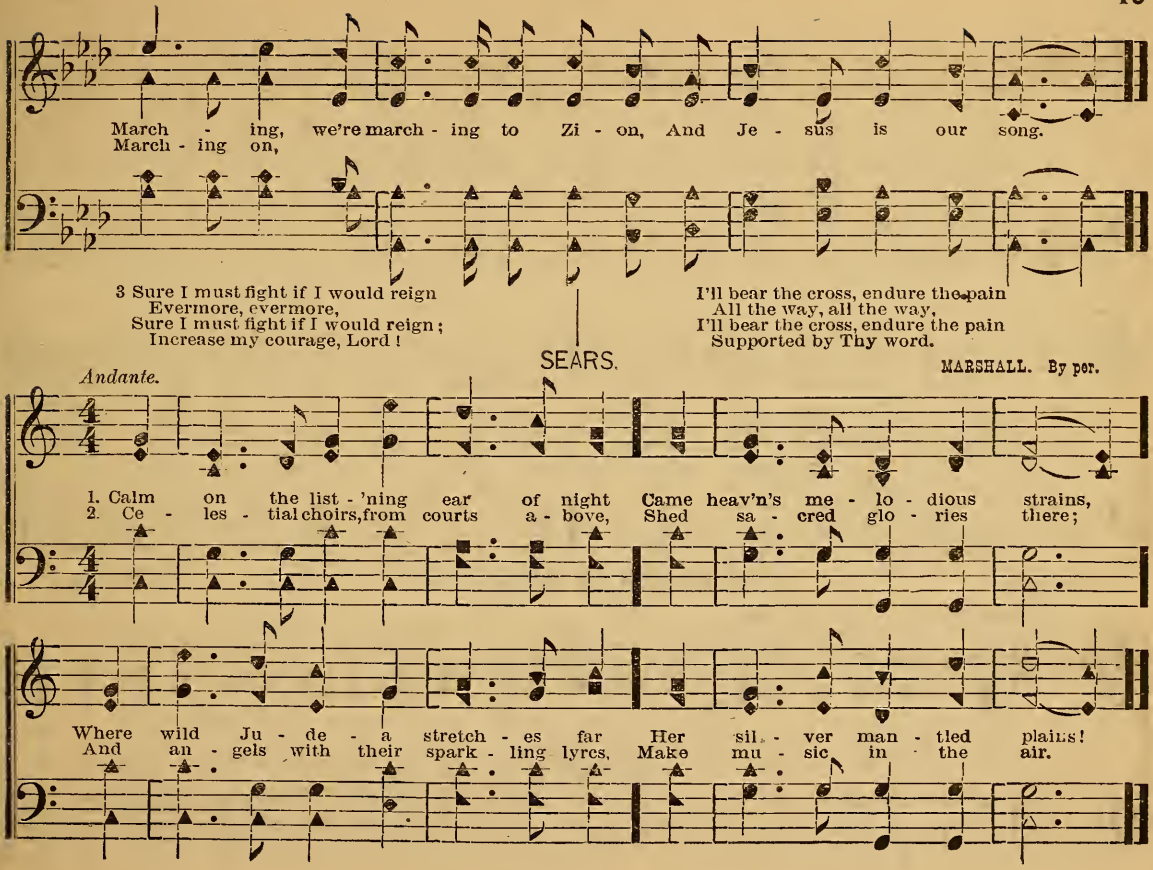
Repeat pp.

blest..... Land..... where the wear - y Find..... sweet rest.
home of the blest, Land where the wear - y shall find sweet rest, Rest with the pure and the blest.

MARCHING TO ZION.

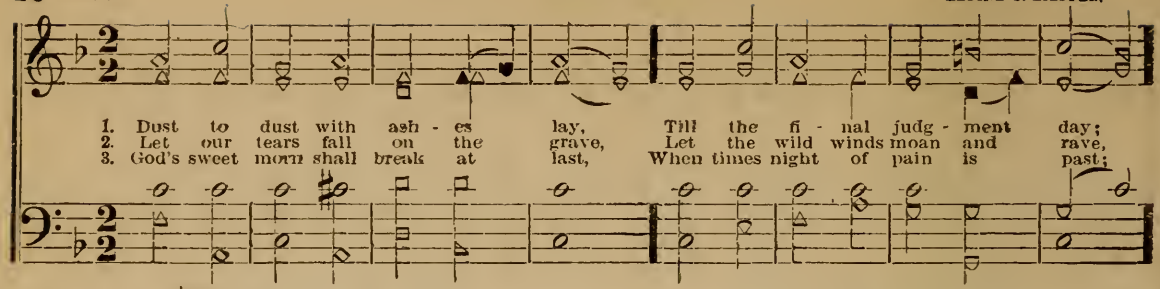
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.




March - ing, we're march - ing to Zi - on, And Je - sus is our song.
March - ing on,
3 Sure I must fight if I would reign
Evermore, evermore,
Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain
All the way, all the way,
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain
Supported by Thy word.
SEARS.
MARSHALL. By per.
Andante.
1. Calm on the list - 'ning ear of night Came heav'n's me - lo - dious strains,
2. Ce - les - tial choirs, from courts a - bove, Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;
Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver man - tled plains!
And an - gels with their spark - ling lyres, Make mu - sic in the air.

DIRGE.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.



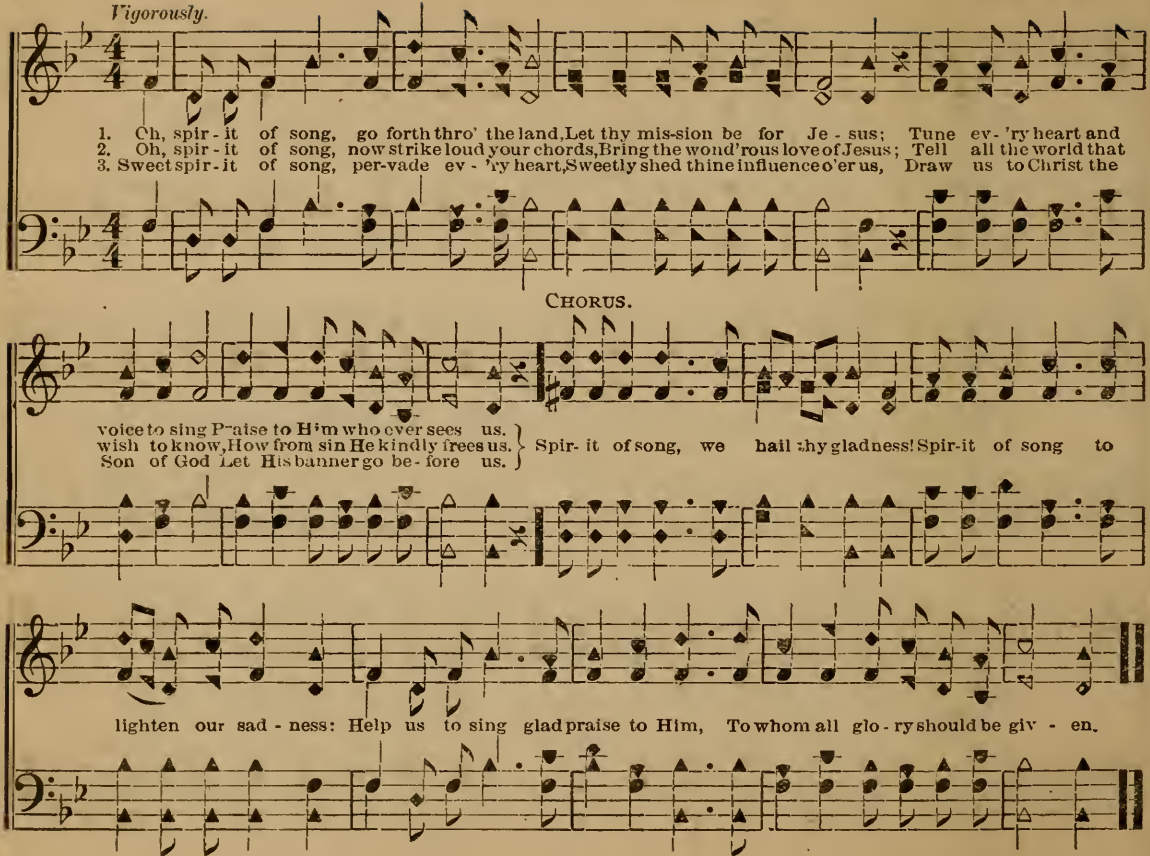
W. T. GIFFE.

THE PRAYER OF GETHSEMANE.

W. T. G, by per.

Moderato.

On Ol - i - vet's slope, by Ki - dron's side, Beau - ti - ful gar - den, Geth-sem - a - ne.
Where Je - sus breathed forth that prayer sub-lime; Beau - ti - ful gar - den, Geth-sem - a - ne.
May this be my prayer, by faith up-built; Beau - ti - ful prayer of Geth-sem - a - ne.
Slow.
"Fa - ther," he cried, as he ten - der - ly knelt, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."
Fa - ther, I too would come nigh un - to Thee, Pray - ing the prayer of Geth sem - a - ne.
Fa - ther, I pray for the faith of thy Son, Not that my will, but Thine be done.
This was his prayer in Geth-sem - a - ne; Beau - ti - ful prayer of Geth- sem - a - ne.
"Not as I will," be it e'er my plea; Beau - ti - ful prayer of Geth- sem - a - ne.
This was the prayer of Geth-sem - a - ne; Beau - ti - ful prayer of Geth- sem - a - ne.


Vigorously.
1. Oh, spir - it of song, go forth thro' the land, Let thy mis-sion be for Je - sus; Tune ev - 'ry heart and
2. Oh, spir - it of song, now strike loud your chords, Bring the wond'rous love of Jesus; Tell all the world that
3. Sweet spir - it of song, per-vade ev - 'ry heart, Sweetly shed thine influence o'er us, Draw us to Christ the
CHORUS.
voice to sing Praise to Him who ever sees us.
wish to know, How from sin He kindly frees us.
Son of God Let His banner go be - fore us.
Spir - it of song, we hail thy gladness! Spir - it of song to
lighten our sad - ness: Help us to sing glad praise to Him, To whom all glo - ry should be giv - en.

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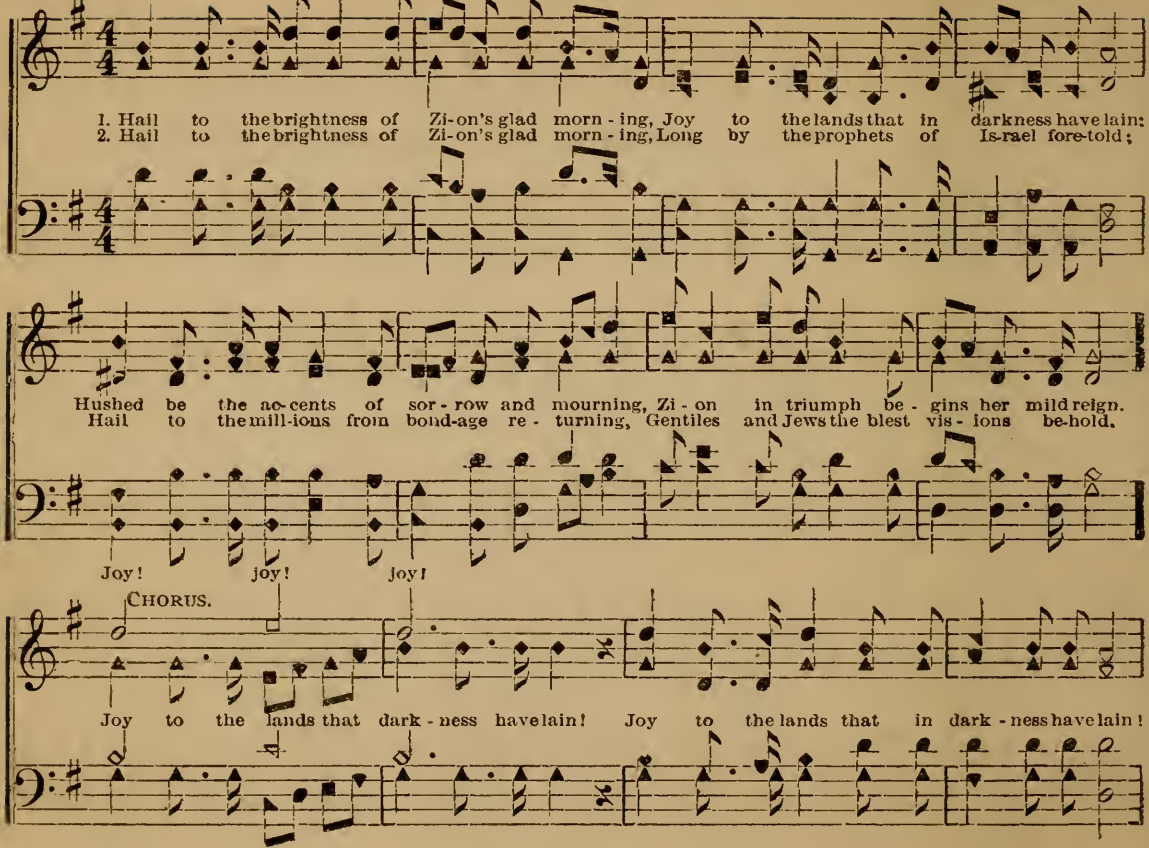
1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing, Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain:
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing, Long by the prophets of Is-rael fore-told;
Hushed be the ac-cents of sor-row and mourning, Zi-on in triumph be-gins her mild reign.
Hail to the mill-ions from bond-age re-turning, Gentiles and Jews the blest vis-ions be-hold.
Joy! joy! joy!
CHORUS.
Joy to the lands that dark-ness have lain! Joy to the lands that in dark-ness have lain!

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high,
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

LITTLE BAND.

FLORENCE SHERLEY. JOHN McPHERSON.

THE CHILDREN OF ZION.

Ar Cho. by J. H. HALL.

help us to sing, Chil - dren, chil - dren of
chil-dren of Zi - on and help us to sing, Come children of Zi - on and help us to sing of
Zi - on and help us to sing. Come children of Zi - on and help us to sing, O
Zi - - on come help us to sing, O
children come help us to sing, Loud an - thems of praise to our Sav - iour and King.
chil - dren come help us to sing,

THROW OPEN THE GATES OF THE CITY.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. By per.

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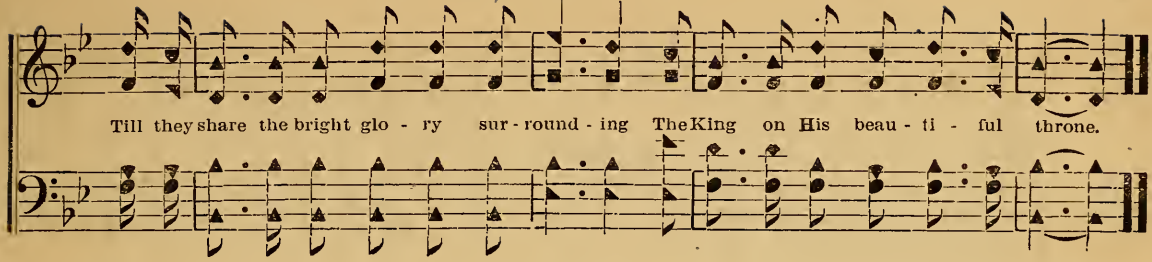
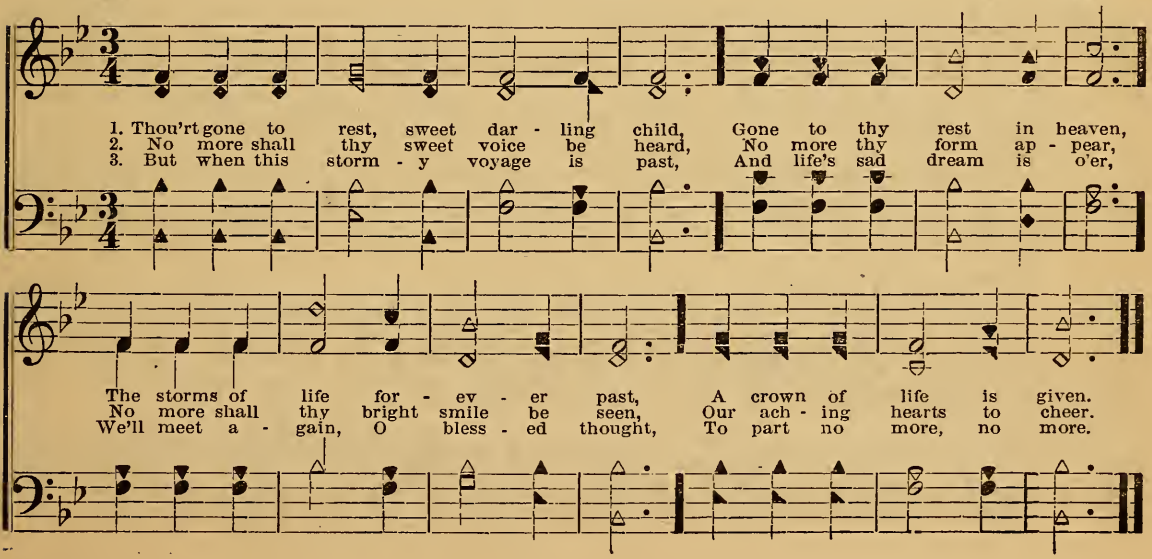


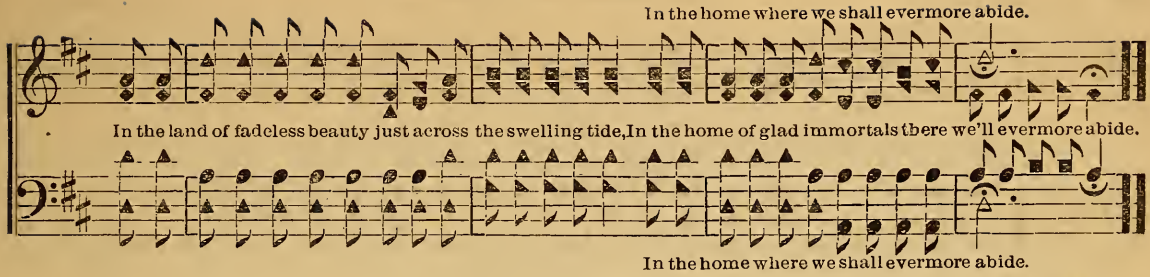
DARLING.

J. P. LANE. A. F. OLINGER.



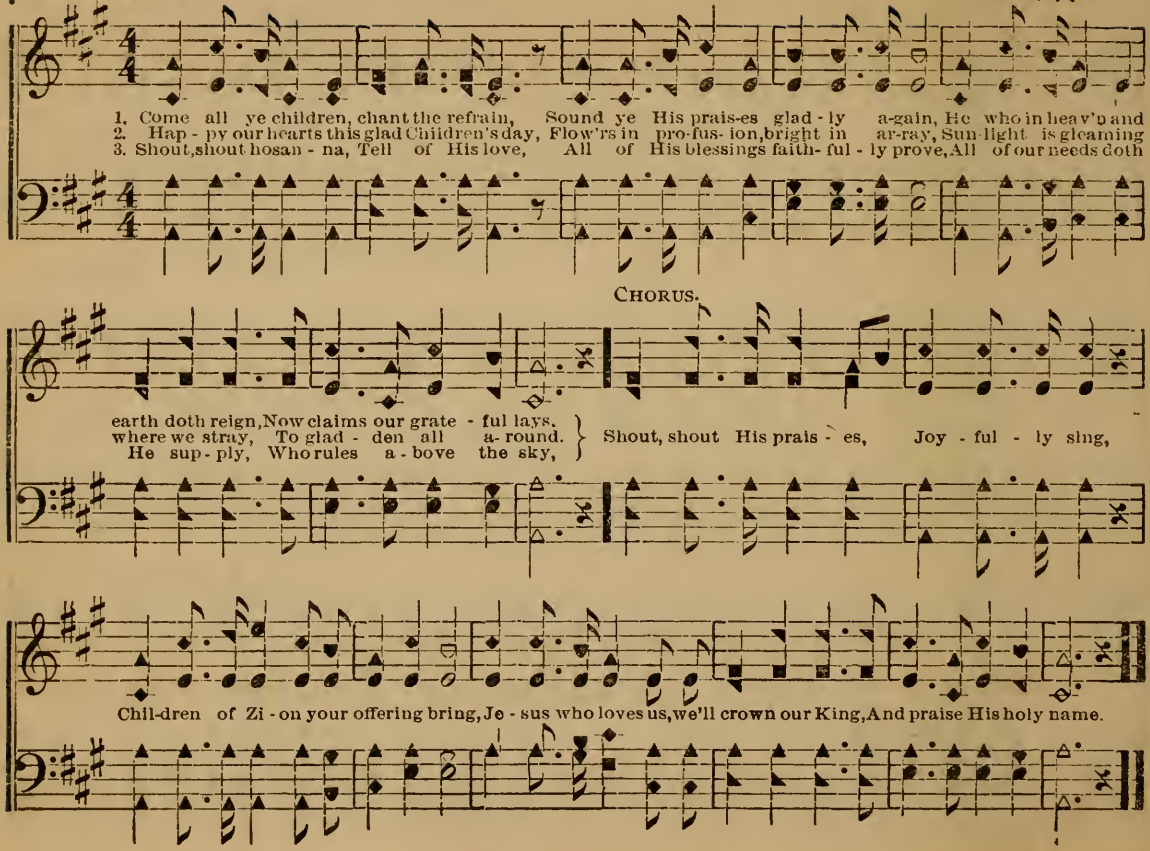
SHALL WE MEET YOU?

D. M. CHUTE.



TAYLOR. C. M.

A. S. KIEFFER.


1. Come all ye children, chant the refrain, Sound ye His prais-es glad - ly a-gain, He who in heav'n and
2. Hap - py our hearts this glad Children's day, Flow'rs in pro-fus- ion, bright in ar-ray, Sun-light is gleaming
3. Shout, shout hosan - na, Tell of His love, All of His blessings faith- ful - ly prove, All of our needs doth
CHORUS.
earth doth reign, Now claims our grate - ful lays.
where we stray, To glad - den all a- round.
He sup- ply, Who rules a - bove the sky,
Shout, shout His prais - es, Joy - ful - ly sing,
Chil-dren of Zi - on your offering bring, Je - sus who loves us, we'll crown our King, And praise His holy name.

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A HOME IN HEAVEN.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

Joyfully.

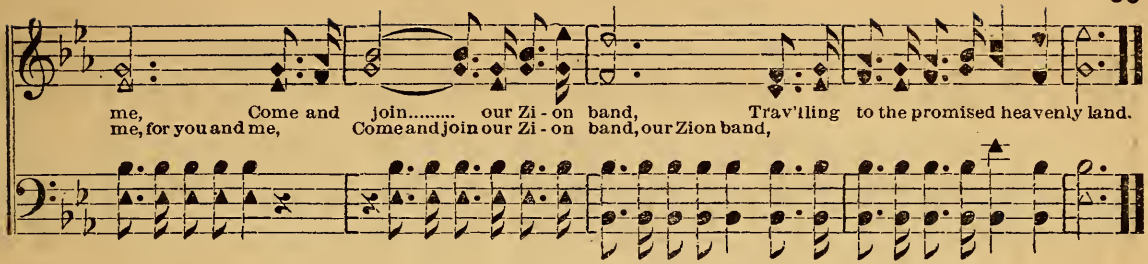
1. A home in heaven! what a joy - ful thought, As the poor man toils in his wea - ry lot,
2. A home in heaven! as the suffer - er lies On his bed of pain and up - lifts his eyes
3. A home in heaven! when our treas- ures fade, And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
4. A home in heaven! when our friends have fled To the cheer- less gloom of the mould'ring dead,

His heart op- pressed, and by an - guish driven From his home be - low to his home in heaven.
To that bright home, what a joy is given, With the bless - ed thought of a home in heaven.
When strength de - cays and our health is riven. We are hap - py still with our home in heaven.
We rest in hope on the prom - ise given, We shall meet up there in our home in heaven.

Ritard ad lib.

CHORUS.

Trav'lling on..... so glad and free, To a home..... for you and
Trav'lling on so glad and free, so glad and free, To a home for you and

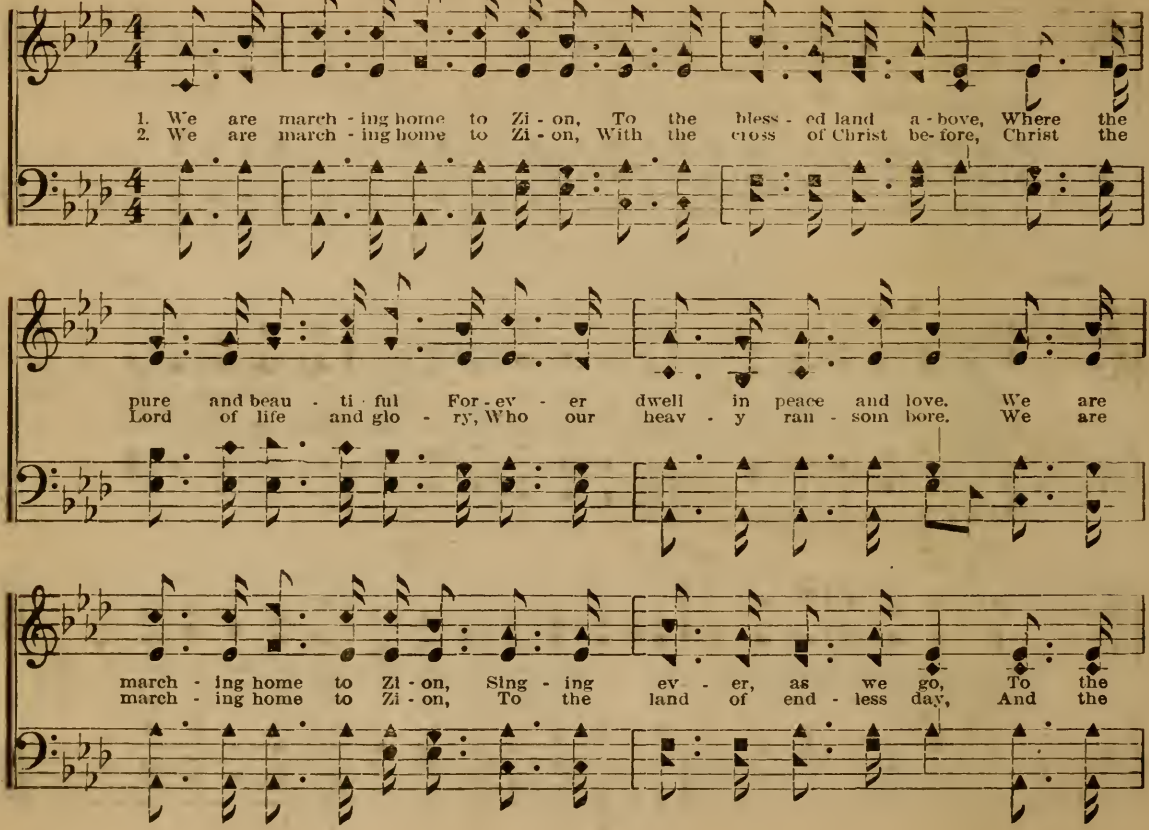


BLESSED SAVIOUR, THEE I LOVE.

Selected. "I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength."—Ps. 18: 1. Popular Melody.

MARCHING ON TO ZION.

W. T. GIFFE, by per.



* The small notes in the Bass should be used in the repeat.

Mrs. A. L. DOLD. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

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1. Just one word be - fore we part, Just a word for Je - sus; 'Twas His blood that
2. I will tell to young and old, Tell the praise of Je - sus; 'Twas His blood that
3. Though I wan - dered far from Him, Far a - way from Je - sus; Yet He died for
4. Then I heard the Sav - iour say "Will you come to Je - sus;" Take the yoke and
cleansed my heart, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! 'Twas His blood, 'Twas His blood,
saved my soul, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! 'Twas His blood, 'Twas His love,
all my sin, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! Je - sus died, Je - sus died,
Him o - bey, Will you come to Je - sus! Will you come, Will you come,
'Twas the blood of Je - sus, 'Twas His blood that cleansed my heart, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
'Twas the love of Je - sus, 'Twas His love that saved my soul, 'Twas the love of Je - sus.
Je - sus died to save me, Je - sus died for all my sins, Je - sus died to save me.
Will you come to Je - sus? Take His yoke and Him o - bey, Will you come to Je - sus?

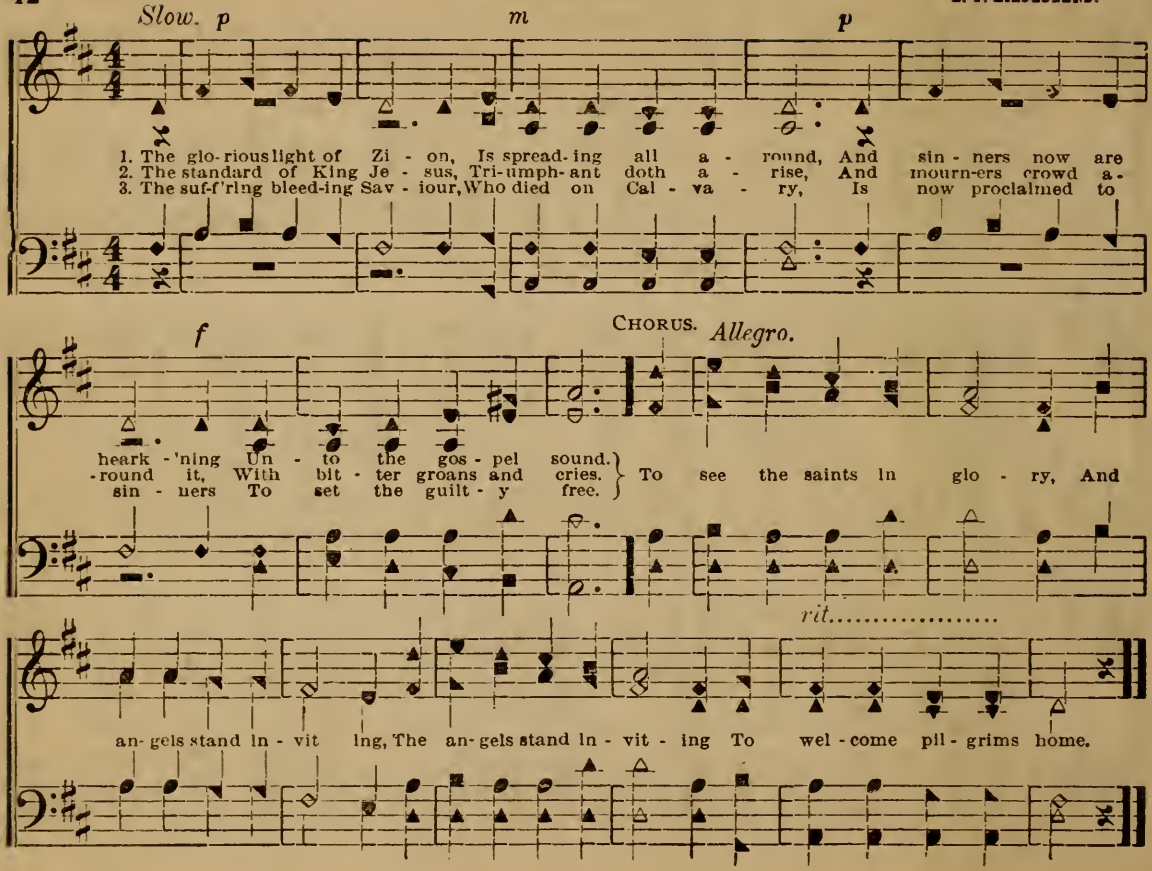
A. S. KIEFFER.

I'M REDEEMED.

R. A. GLENN.

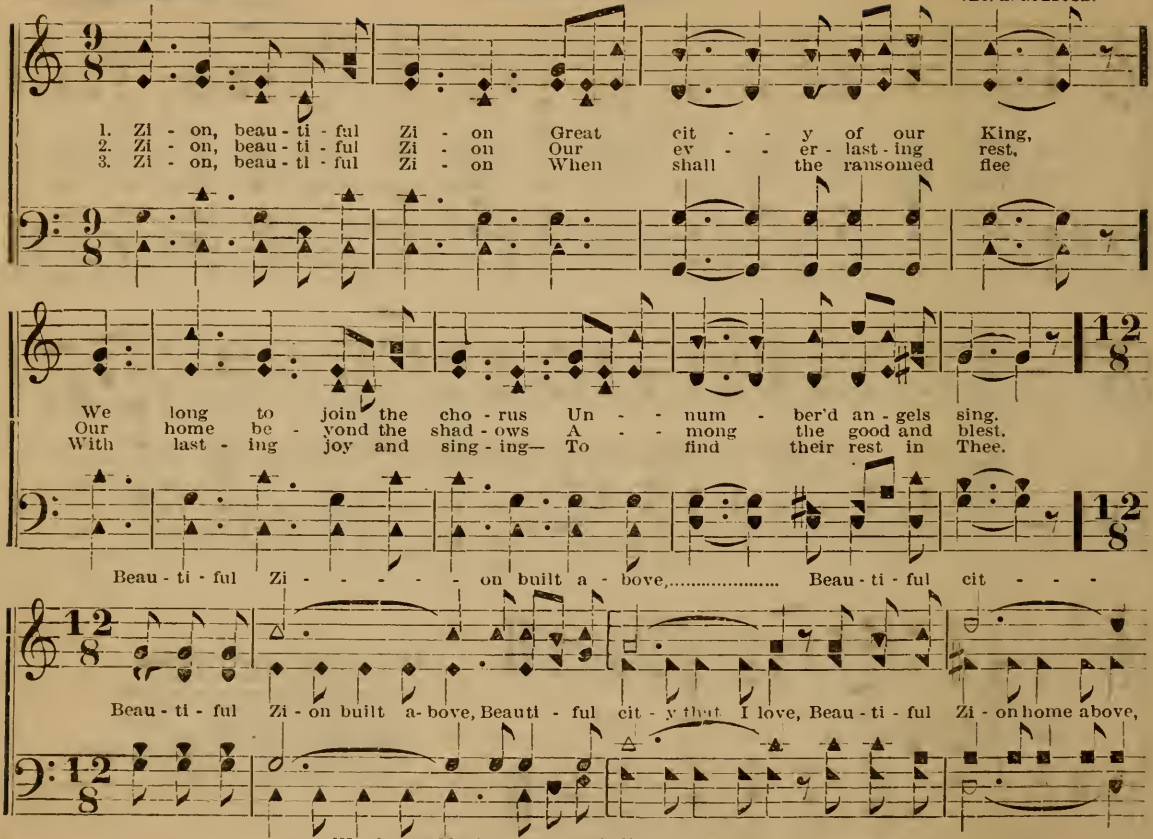
SANCTIFICATION. S. M.

ISAAC H. McLAIN.


Slow. p
m
p
1. The glo-rious light of Zi - on, Is spread-ing all a - round, And sin - ners now are
2. The standard of King Je - sus, Tri-umph-ant doth a - rise, And mourn-ers crowd a-
3. The suf-f'ring bleed-ing Sav - iour, Who died on Cal - va - ry, Is now proclaimed to
f
CHORUS. Allegro.
heark - 'ning Un - to the gos - pel sound.
-round it, With bit - ter groans and cries.
sin - ners To set the guilt - y free.
To see the saints in glo - ry, And
rit.....
an-gels stand in - vit ing, The an-gels stand in - vit - ing To wel - come pil - grims home.

WM. BRADSHAW.
Harmonized by E. T. HILDEBRAND.

3 The armies now are in parade,
How martial they appear;
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform
They look like men of war:
They follow their great General,
The great Eternal Lamb,
His garments stain'd with own blood,
King Jesus is his name.



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FAREWELL. 6s & 4s.

A. S. KIEFFER.

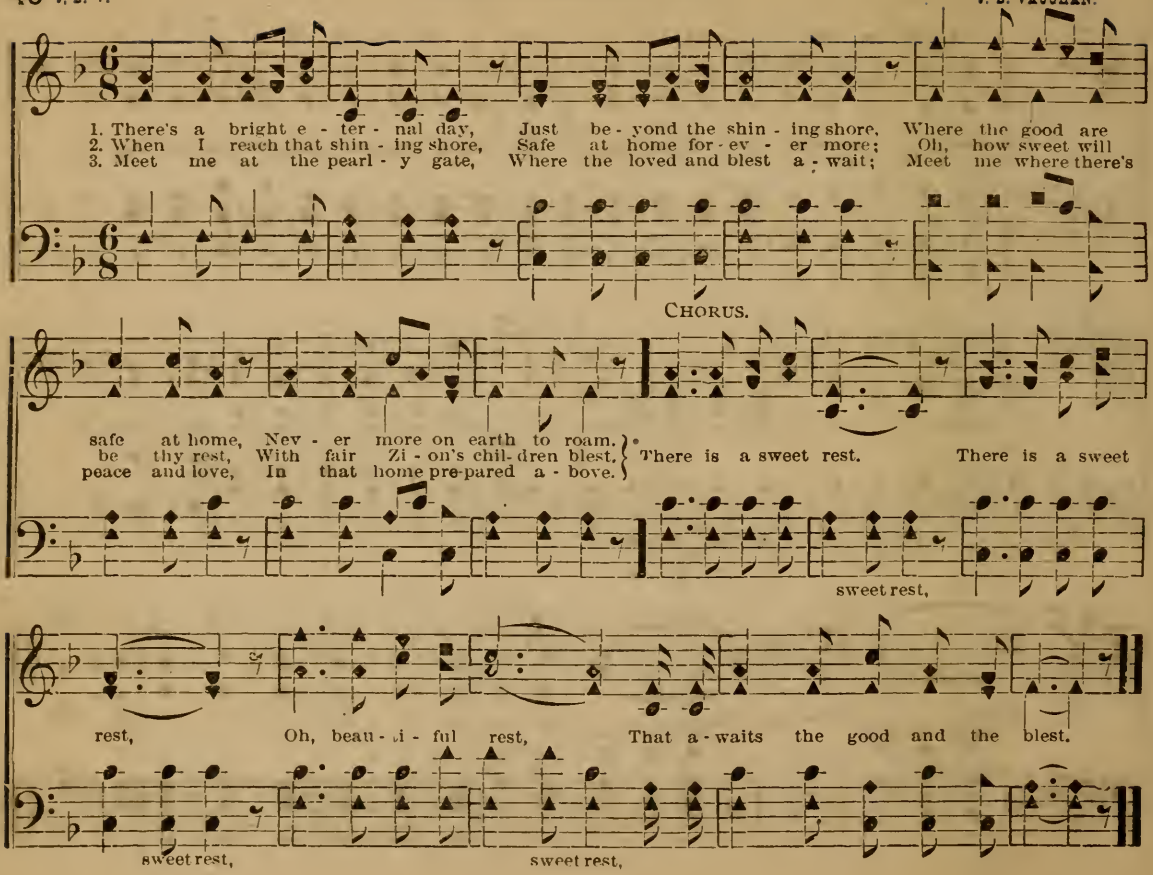
GOING TO ZION.

Words and Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

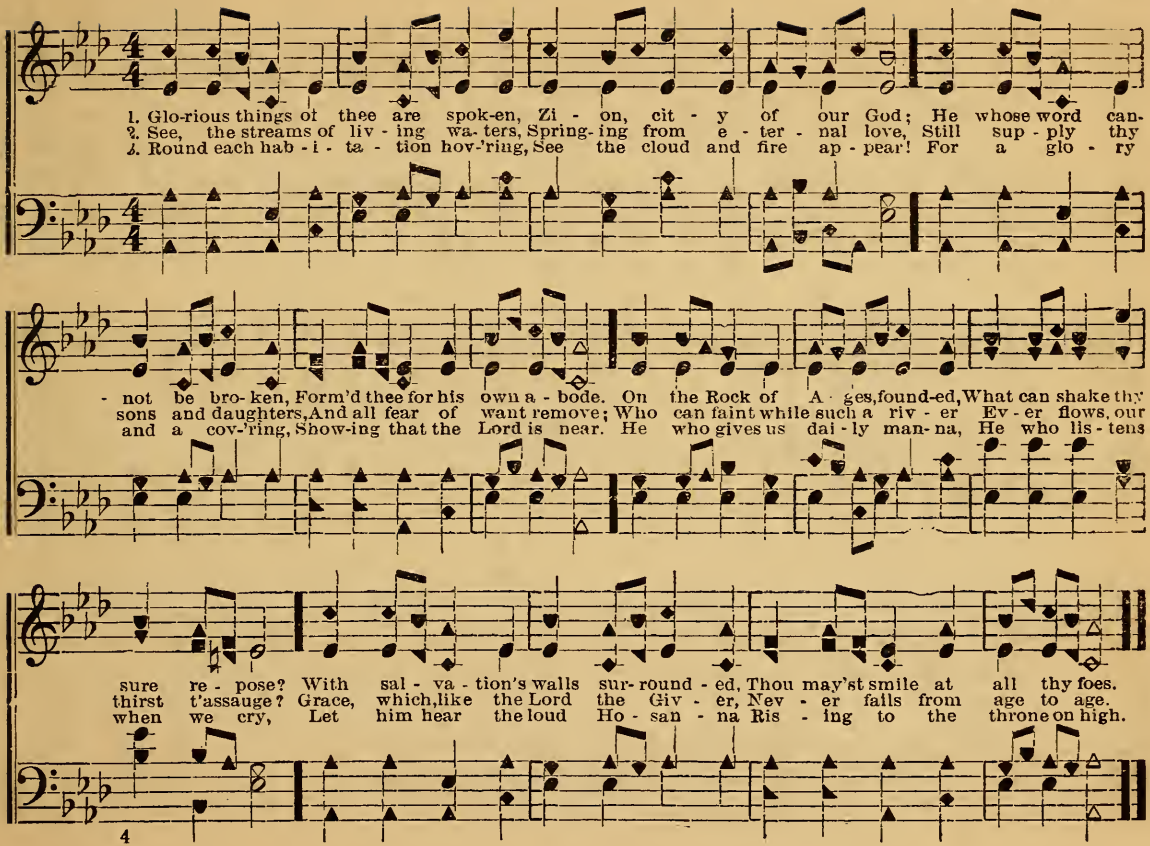
land where the ransomed of Je - sus find rest, To the home of the good, and the true, and the blest,
Come, and go with us, Come, and go with us, O come, and go with us to Zi - on! Come a -
long,..... come a - long,..... To the beau - ti - ful cit - y of Zi - on.
come a - long,
come a - long,

THERE IS A SWEET REST.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



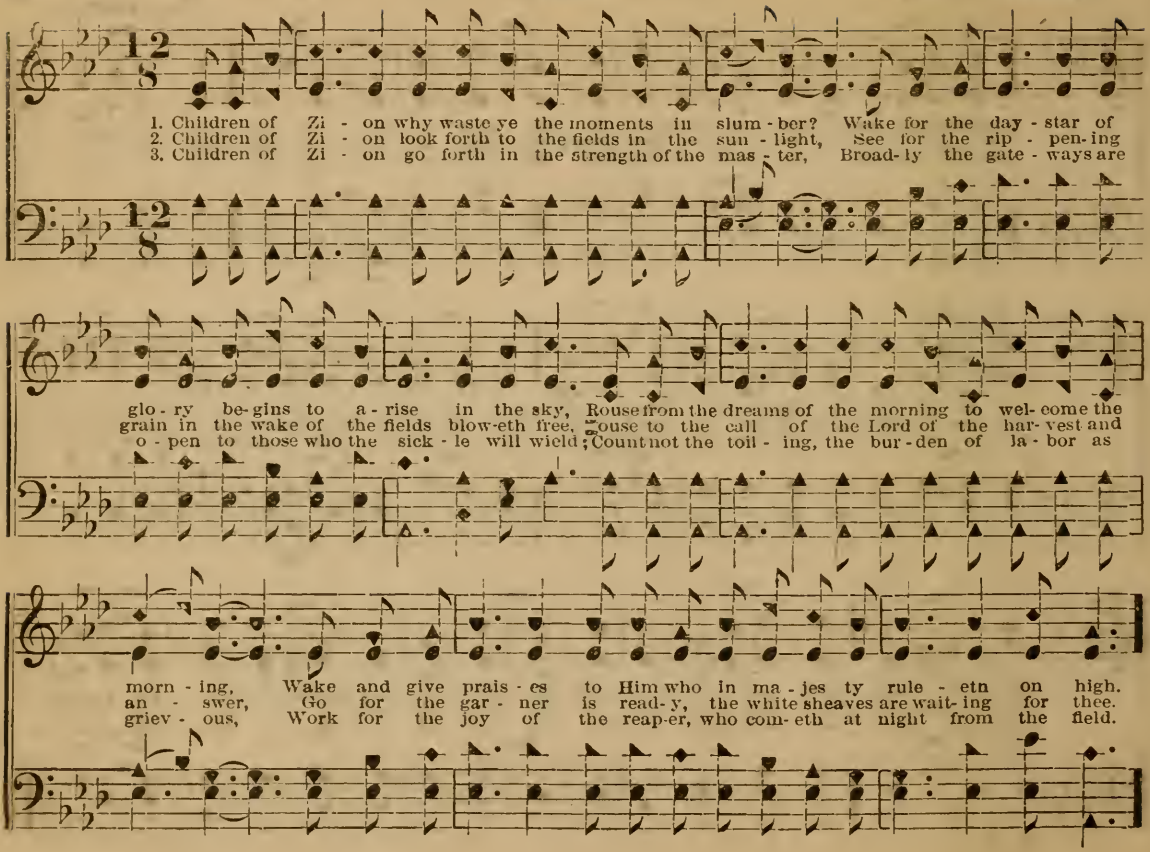
WYATT MINSHALL.



Words by Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

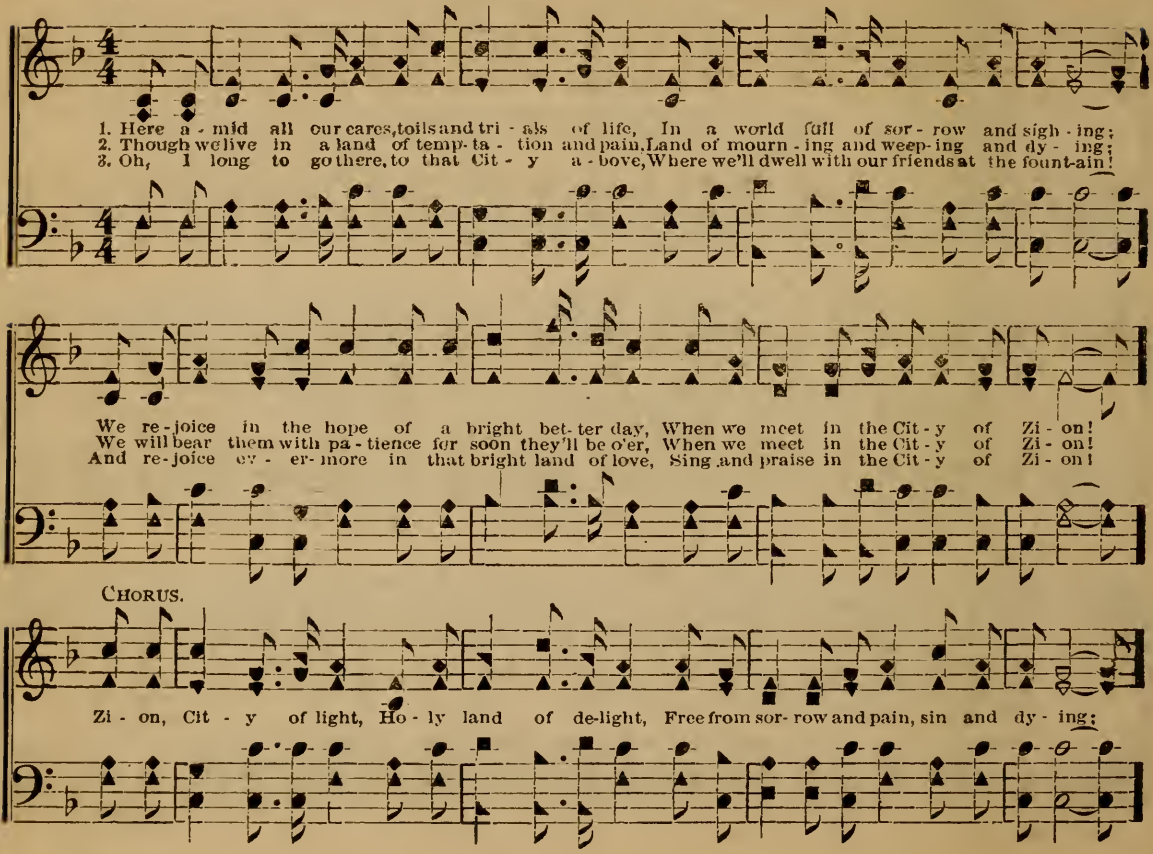
WAKE! CHILDREN OF ZION.

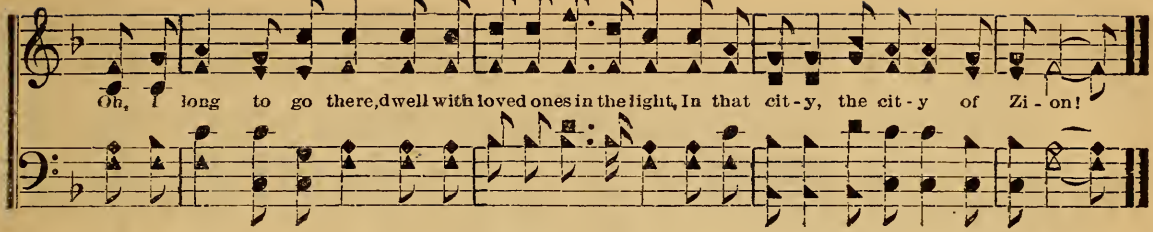
Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



CHORUS.
Children of Zi - on re - joice in your tri - umph and sing; Loud o - ver
Children of Zi - on re - joice in your tri - umph and sing
sor - row and sigh - ing your paean of vic - to - ry ring, Shout the glad tid - ings Mes-
Loud o - ver sor - row and sigh - ing your paeans of vic - to - ry ring, Shout the glad
- si - ah o'er Zi - on is king, Im - man - uel reign - eth to - day.
tid - ings Mes - si - ah o'er Zi - on is King, reigneth to - day.

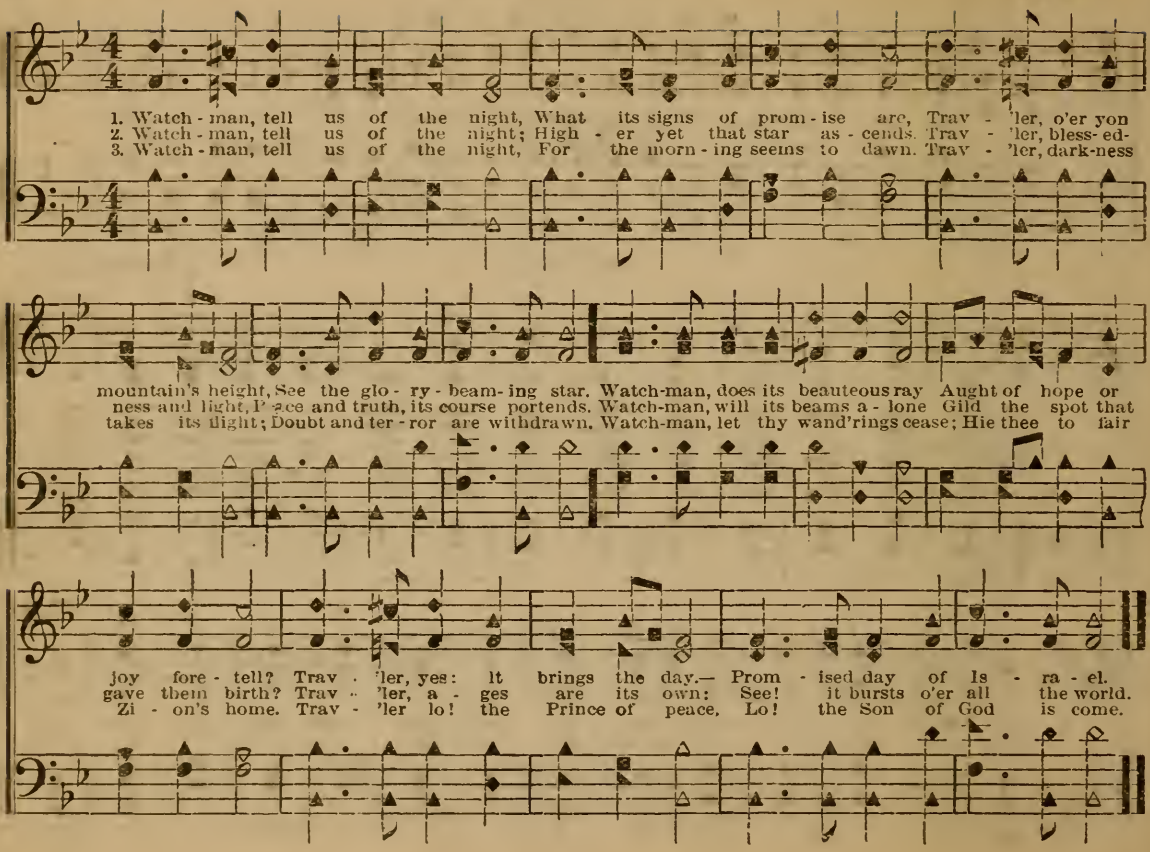
"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King."—Ps. 48: 2.





ZION'S LIGHT.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.


1. Watch - man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are, Trav - 'ler, o'er yon
2. Watch - man, tell us of the night; High - er yet that star as - cends. Trav - 'ler, bless-ed-
3. Watch - man, tell us of the night, For the morn - ing seems to dawn. Trav - 'ler, dark-ness
mountain's height, See the glo - ry - beam-ing star. Watch-man, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or
ness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends. Watch-man, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that
takes its flight; Doubt and ter - ror are withdrawn. Watch-man, let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee to fair
joy fore - tell? Trav - 'ler, yes: It brings the day.— Prom - ised day of Is - ra - el.
gave them birth? Trav - 'ler, a - ges are its own: See! it bursts o'er all the world.
Zi - on's home. Trav - 'ler lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

THAT'S THE NEWS.

Arr. by E. T. HILDEBRAND.

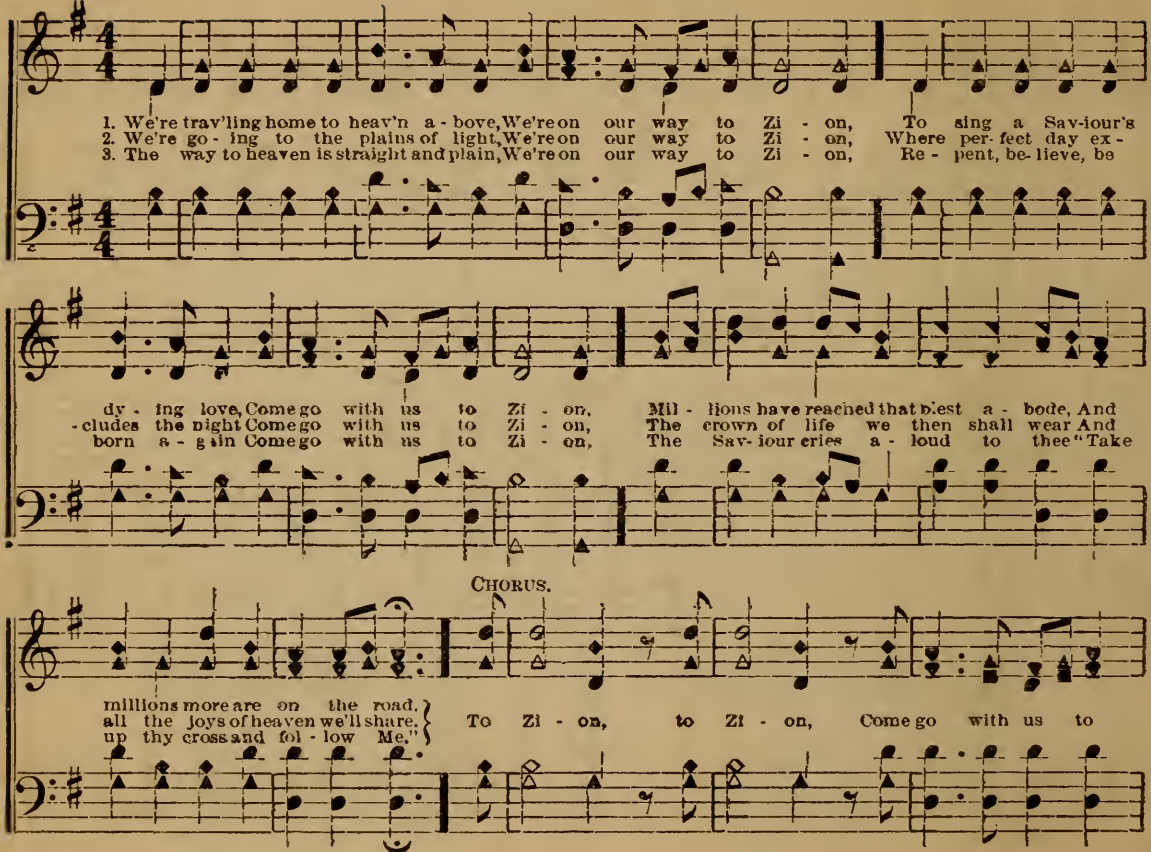
3 To Zion our great Captain's gone—
That's the news! That's the news!
He's pass'd triumphant to His throne,—
That's the news! That's the news!
And on that throne He will remain,
Until as judge He comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train—
That's the news! That's the news!

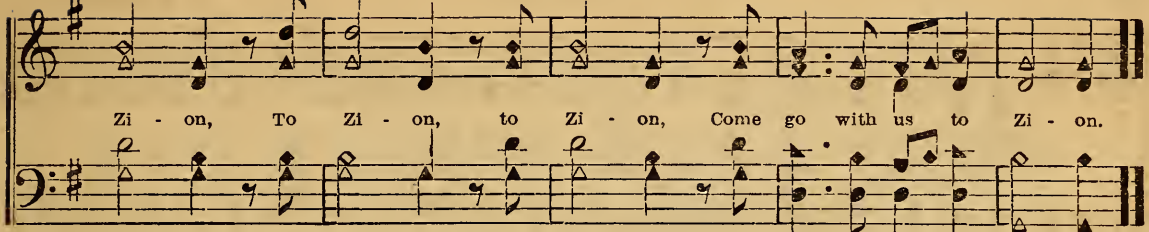
4 His works reviving all around—
That's the news! That's the news!
And many have redemption found—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout "Hosanna" to His name,
And all around they spread His fame—
That's the news! That's the news!

5 The Lord has pardon'd all my sins—
That's the news! That's the news!
I feel the witness now within—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since He took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day—
That's the news! That's the news!

ON THE WAY TO ZION.

A. S. KIEFFER.

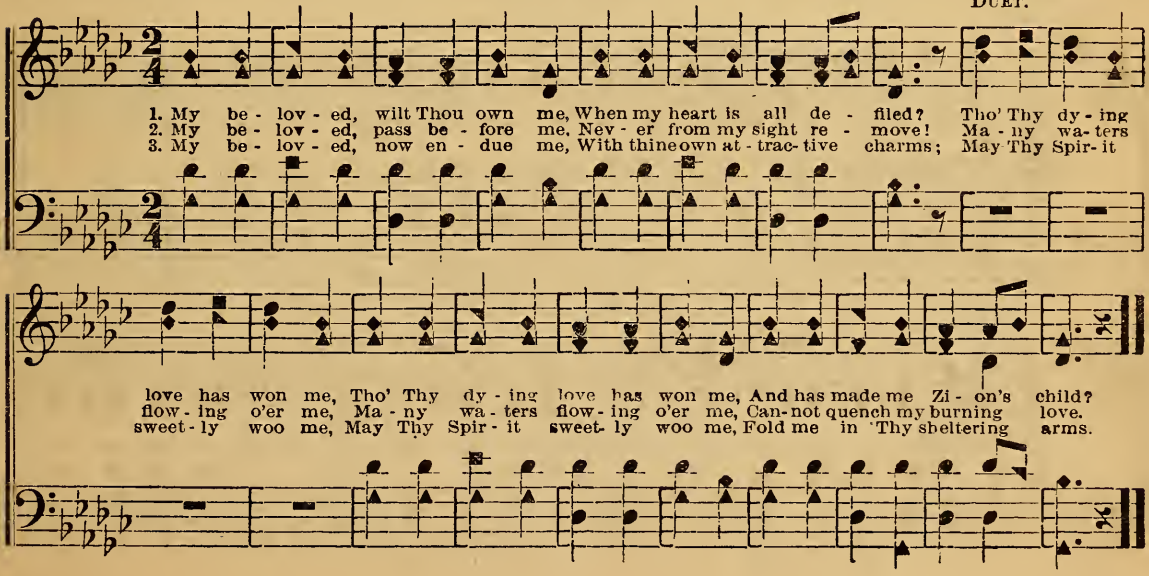


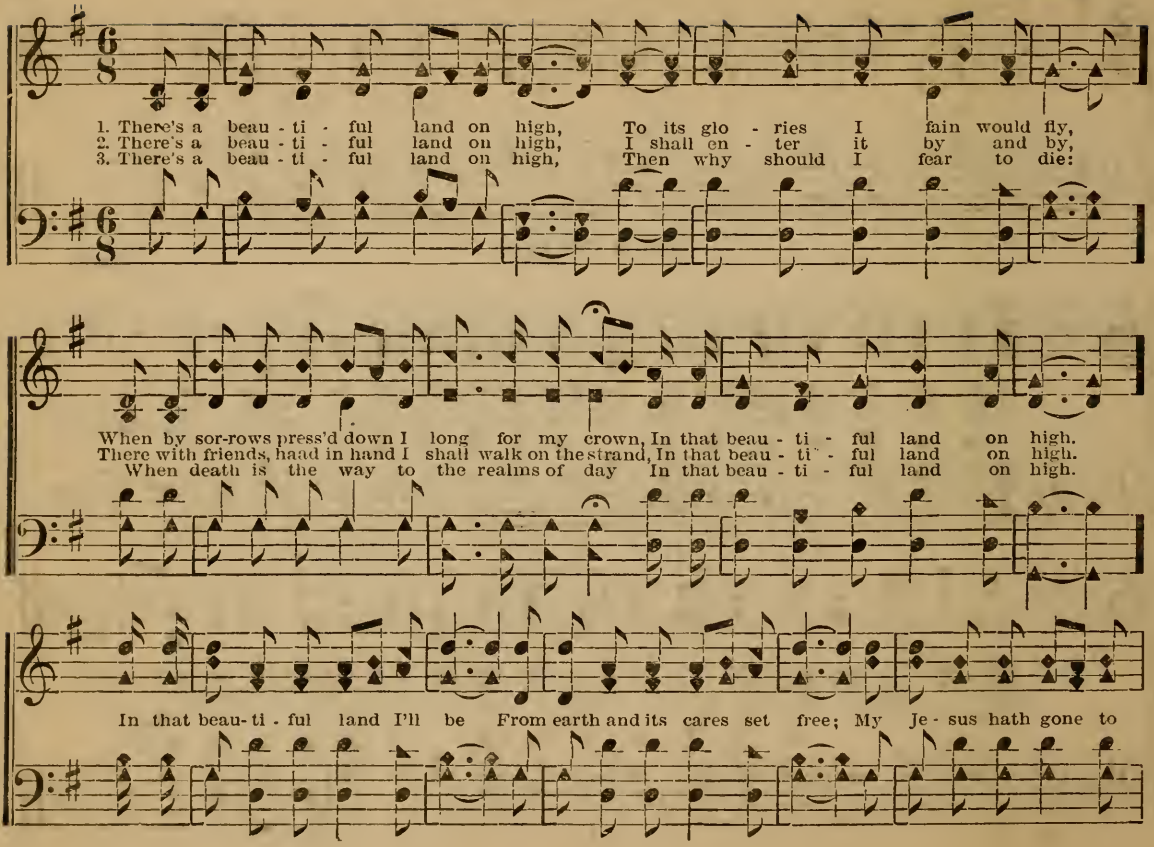


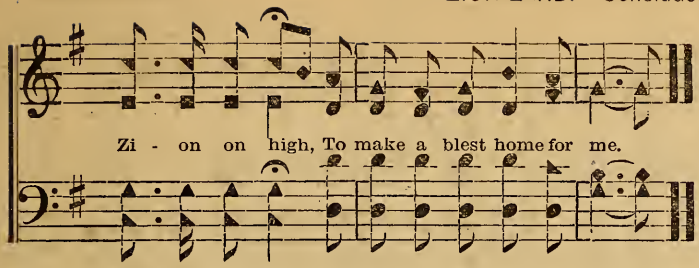
LOVER OF ZION.

Unknown.

DUET.




1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, To its glo - ries I fain would fly,
2. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, I shall en - ter it by and by,
3. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, Then why should I fear to die:
When by sor-rows press'd down I long for my crown, In that beau - ti - ful land on high.
There with friends, haad in hand I shall walk on the strand, In that beau - ti - ful land on high.
When death is the way to the realms of day In that beau - ti - ful land on high.
In that beau-ti - ful land I'll be From earth and its cares set free; My Je - sus hath gone to



4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
Methinks I now see how they're waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high.

5 There's a beautiful land on high,
And tho' I here oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be shed,
In that beautiful land on high.

6 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say, "good bye"
When over the river we're happy forever,
In that beautiful land on high.

HILL OF ZION.

W. H. KIEFFER.

4 In moments of temptation,
Let me hide
Within the Rifted Rock,
And there abide.

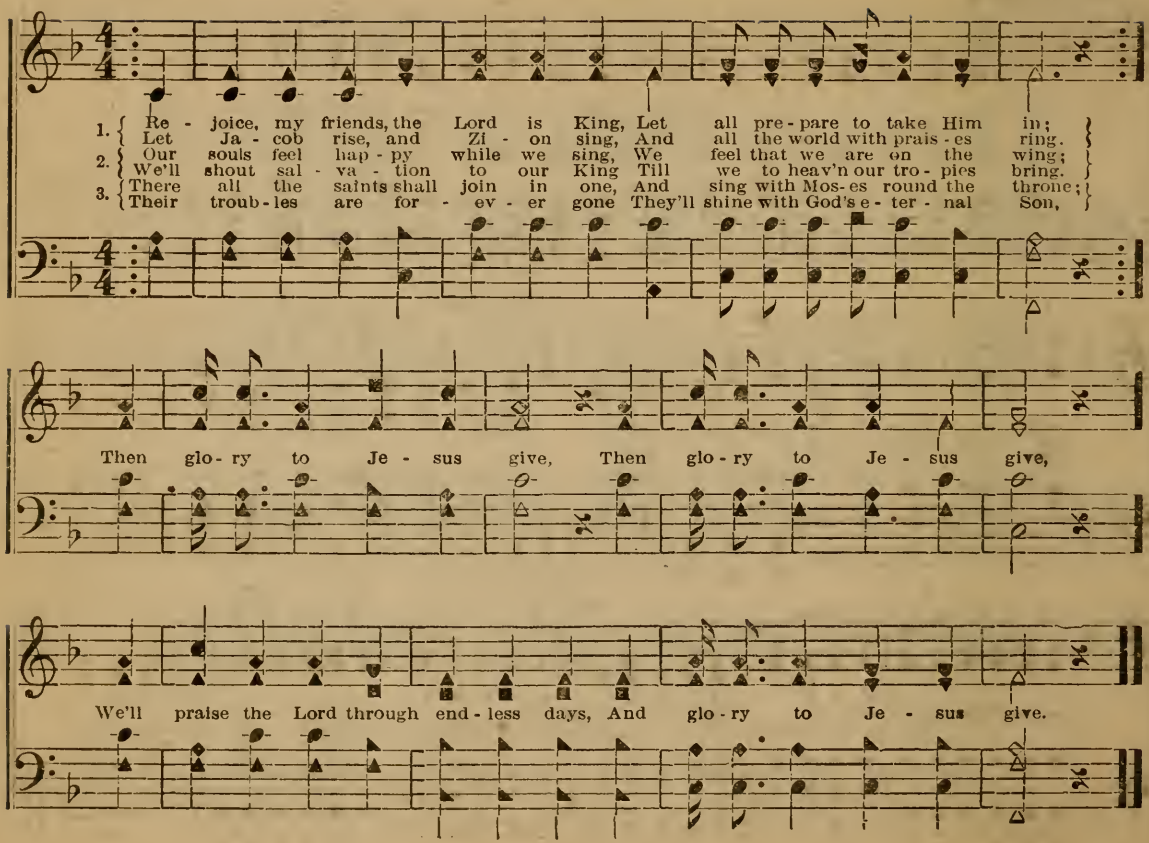
5 Be with me every moment,
When I tread
The silent vale of death,
Where Thou hast led.

6 Be with me every moment,
'Till I rise
To my eternal home
Beyond the skies.

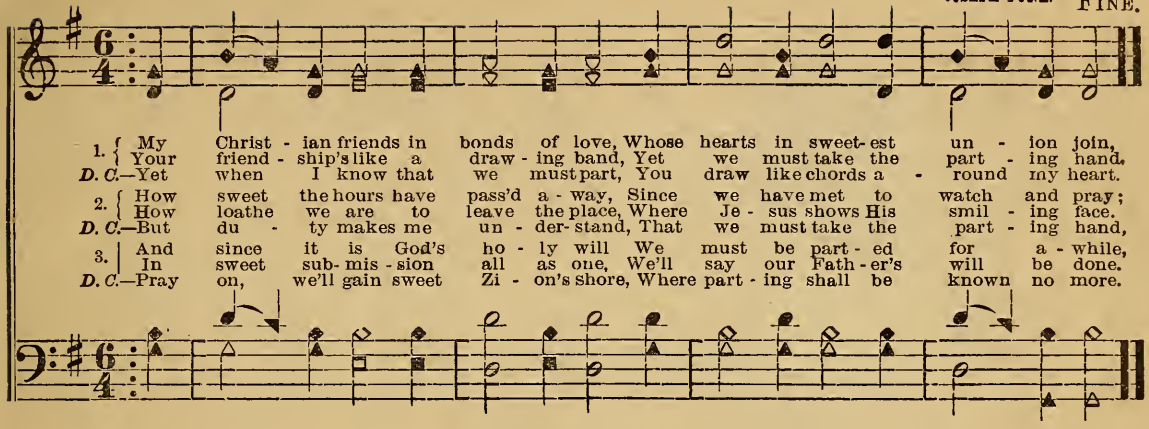
1. Je - sus my ref - uge e - ter - nal, Hopes when all oth-ers have flown, Strong is my faith in thy
2. Oft when thy spir - it de - scend - ing, Brings me a tok - en of love, O how my soul in its
3. Je - sus my ref - uge e - ter - nal, Firm shall my an - chor a - bide, What though life's perils o'er-
4. Je - sus my ref - uge e - ter - nal, Day-spring of mer - cy di - vine, While in thy vineyard I
REFRAIN.
prom - ise, There I am cling-ing a - lone. Watch - ing and wait - ing,
rap - ture, Dreams of the Zi - on a - bove.
take me, Safe in Thy shel - ter I'll hide.
la - bor, O what a com - fort is mine. atching and waiting, watch-ing and wait-ing,
Longing, my Saviour, for Thee, Watch - ing and wait - ing, Come in thy beauty to me.....
my Saviour for Thee, Watching and waiting, watching and waiting, in beauty to me.

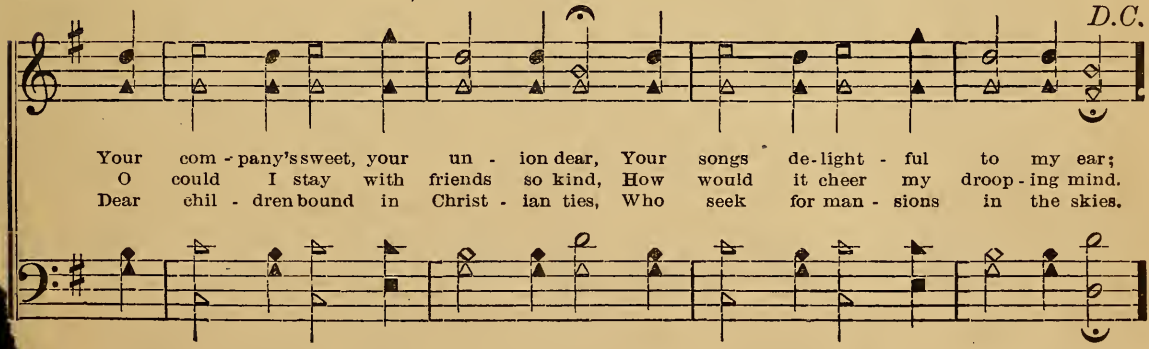
GLORY TO ZION'S KING.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.



JOSEPH FUNK. FINE.





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